

# How To Tame A Rogue

by GuardianSaint

Category: Lion King

Genre: Drama, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Mufasa, Simba

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-13 02:21:21

Updated: 2014-07-17 03:36:41

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:05:14

Rating: K+

Chapters: 3

Words: 3,825

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: After bonding with an injured rogue, a Pridelander teen learns that the lions are not foes but friends. Will he be able to show his pride that the ones they were taught to hate are no different from them.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*A/N:Okay, so I just watched How To Train Your Dragon not to long ago and I came up with this. A Lion King version of it, please leave a review and tell me what you think. \*\*

\_This, is the Pride Lands. It's twelve days north of Hopeless, and a few degrees north of burning to death. It's located solidly on the land of misery. My home. In a word; sturdy. And it's been here for seven generations, probably even longer. We have sparring, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have vultures or hyenas. We have...

-

"Rogues."

\_Most animals would leave. Not us. We're lions. We have stubbornness issues. My name's Mheetu. Great name, I know. But it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off intruders and evil spirits. Like our charming pridelander demeanor wouldn't do that.\_

"Arggghhhh! Mornin'!"

"What are you doing here!?"

"Get inside!"

"Get back inside!"

\_That's my everyday life when rogues attack. You'll find out later.  
—

"Mheetu!? What is he doing out again?! What are you doing out?! Get inside!"

\_That's Mufasa. King of the pride. They say that when he was a cub he popped a hyena's head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes I do.\_

"What have we got?"

"1thief, cub napper. Oh, and Zira saw a Flaming Terror."

"Any Night Stalkers?"

"None so far."

"Good."

"Ah! Nice of you to join the party. I thought you'd been carried off."

"Who me? Nah, come on! I'm way too muscular for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with all this."

"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?"

\_The meathead with attitude and quick paws is Malka. I've been his apprentice ever since I was little. Well... littl\_\_\*\*er\*\*\_\_.\_

"We move to the lower defenses. We'll counter-attack."

A group of teens ran around with the adults trying to put out fires.

\_Oh and that's Tojo, Kovu. The twins Chumvi and Kula, and... job is so much cooler.\_

"Ah, come on. Let me out, please. I need to make my mark."

The large pale orange lion narrowed his orange eyes at the light cream teen. "Oh, you've made plenty of marks. All in the wrong places."

Mheetu looked out of the cave he was in at the young lions fighting the fires. "Please, two minutes. I'll kill a rogue. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date."

"You can't run without tripping. You can't your paw right..." Malka inhaled and exhaled. "you can't even pounce correctly."

The light creamy teen nodded. "Okay fine, but..." Mheetu put his paws on a boulder that was connected to it. Like a sling shot. "...this will do it all for me."

By putting his paw on the boulder, it accidentally went off.

"Arggh!"

Malka shook his head, his black mane whipping back and forth. "See, now this right here is what I'm talking about."

Mheetu rolled his green eyes. "Mild calibration issue-"

"Mheetu. If you ever want to get out there to fight rogues, you need to stop all..." the pale orange lion paused for a moment.  
"...this."

"But you just pointed to all of me!"

Malka nodded. "Yes! That's it! Stop being all of you."

The young light cream teen glared at the older lion.  
"Ohhhh..."

"Ohhhhh, yes."

"You, sir, are playing a dangerous game. Keeping this much, raw... lion contained. There will be consequences!"

Malka grunted before heading towards the cave entrance. "I'll take my chances."

One day I'll get out there. Because killing a rogue is everything around here. A Thief head is sure to get me at least noticed. Cub Nappers are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend. A Prey Terrorist? Exotic. They always terrorized in two, twice the status.

"They found the antelope."

And then there's the Flaming Terror. Only the best lions go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting everything on fire.

A large golden furred, red mane lion roared. "Make sure the other prey are safe! I'll take care of this."

But the ultimate prize is the rouge no one has ever seen. We call it the-

A creamy tan lioness growled. "Night Stalker! Get down!"

From the shadows came flying towards the fighting pride was a flaming stick.

This thing never steals food, never shows itself, and...never misses. No one has ever killed a Night Stalker. That's why I'm going to be the first.

"Man the fort, Mheetu, they need me out there!" Before the pale orange lion left he turned and glared at the sitting teen. "Stay. Put. There. You know what I mean."

Mheetu rolled his eyes when Malka left. Did really think he was going to stay put. The light cream teen grabbed a vine that was attached to the boulder and pulled it out of the cave.

A light tan lion caught sight of him and snarled. "Mheetu, where are

you going!"

"Come back here!"

Mheetu grunted with the vine between his teeth. "I know. Be right back!"

Mufasa hadn't noticed the run away teen. But growled with authority. "Mind yourselves! The devils still have some juice in them."

Mheetu had gotten good into the Pride Lands. His paw on the launcher. "Come on. Gimme something to shoot at, gimme something to shoot at."

A shadow against the night threw something on fire to the west. Mheetu moved the launcher and and hit it. A distance roar echoed through the darkness.

"Oh I hit it! Yes, I hit it! Did anybody see that?" The sound of snarling caused the teen to turn and see a large red lion with a darker red mane with a flaming stick in his mouth. "Except for you."

Mheetu ran off screaming with the Flaming Terror roaring behind him. This caught the attention of Mufasa. The golden furred lion sighed heavily before looking towards a dark cream lioness, she and a few others had a couple of Thieves caught.

"DO NOT let them escape!"

Not waiting for a reply the king ran after the two. Mheetu hid behind a tall, wide tree. The Flaming Terror roared causing the grass around to move. Mheetu looked around the side when it got quiet. The teen stiffed up when he felt someone breathe on him. Before the red lion could strike he was tackled by Mufasa. The Flaming Terror reached for his burning stick and threw it. Mufasa and Mheetu ducked. Letting the stick hit the tree.

Mufasa glared at the red lion before growling. "You're all out."

Mufasa swiped at the Flaming Terror. The lion ducked before getting a hit to the face. The lion roared with a whimper before running off.

Oh, and there's one more thing you need to know....

The flaming stick from earlier had burned the base of the tree causing it to fall and slide down the hill it was on. Mheetu grimaced at the destruction the tree caused and pinned his dark brown rimmed ears from the screaming of his pride members. Before looking at a glaring king.

"Sorry, dad."

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*A/N:Elsie, Thanks for the review. I'm glad you're interested. Here's chapter two. \*\*

The light cream teen looked else where. "Okay, but I hit a Night Stalker."

The golden furred lion glared at his son before walking away.

"It's not like the last few times, Dad. I mean I really actually hit it. You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down, just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there, before it-"

Mufasa stopped walking and turned to his son with a stoic expression. "STOP! Just... stop. Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Drought's almost here and I have an entire pride to feed!"

Mheetu laughed lightly. "Between you and me, the pride could do with a little less feeding, don't ya think?"

Mufasa shook his head. "This isn't a joke, Mheetu! Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

Mheetu sighed. "I can't stop myself. I see a rouge and I have to just... kill it, you know? It's who I am, Dad."

The golden furred king ran a paw through his red mane before shaking his head. "You are many things, Mheetu. But a rouge-killer is not one of them. Get back to the Pride Rock." then he turned to Malka. "Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up."

Malka bumped the heir with his head. "Let's go"

Kula, the light brown teen lioness twin smirked. "Quite the performance."

Kovu, a brown teen lion laughed. "I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped!"

Mheetu rolled his eyes. "Thank you, thank you. I was trying."

When Mheetu and Malka got to a large mountain structure known as Pride Rock the light cream teen sighed before looking at his teacher.

"I really did hit one."

Malka grunted. "Sure, Mheetu."

Mheetu groaned. "He never listens."

"Well, it runs in the family."

"And when he does, it's always with this... disappointed scowl. Like someone skimped on the meat on his prey. Excuse me, cavemaid. I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms. Extra guts and glory on the side. This here, this is a talking fish bone!"

Malka put his paw up and shook it as well as shaking his head. "Now, you're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look

like, it's what's inside that he can't stand."

Mheetu glared at the older lion. "Thank you for summing that up."

The pale orange furred lion sighed. "Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not."

Mheetu looked down and sighed deeply as his ears pinned against his head.

"I just want to be one of you guys."

/

"Either we finish them or they'll finish us! It's the only way we'll be rid of them! If we find the their and destroy it, the rogues will leave. They'll find another home!" Mufasa slammed his paw down on the ground. "One more search. Before the drought sets in."

A very light cream lioness looked at the king with wide orange eyes. Some of our best never come back."

We're Pridelanders. It's an occupational hazard. Now who's with me?"

A orange lioness pinned her ears and looked away. "Today's not good for me."

A pale tan lioness lowered her head. "I have something to do."

Mufasa sighed. "Alright. Those who stay will look after Mheetu."

Everybody in a a very large cave shouted at once. "I'm in"

A bulky brown furred lion with a black mane and a scar across his left eye walked over. "I'm with you Mufasa!"

The golden furred lion smiled. "That's more like it."

Malka stood from sitting and stretched. "When do we leave?"

Mufasa sighed before looking at his friend. "No, I need you to stay and train some new recruits."

Malka nodded before scratching behind his ear with his left front paw. "Oh, perfect. And while I'm busy, Mheetu can cover the kingdom. Snakes, pit holes, lots of time to himself... what could possibly go wrong?"

Mufasa laid down and put his paws on his head. "What am I going to do with him Malka?"

"Put him in training with the others."

Mufasa sat up and shook his head. "No, I'm serious."

Malka was scratching his other ear with the other front end. "So am

I."

Mufasa looked at his friend with wide amber eyes. "He'd be killed before you let the first rouge out of its prison."

Malka rolled his orange eyes before scratching into his mane. "Oh, you don't know that."

"I do know that, actually."

"No, you don't."

"No, actually I do."

"No you don't!"

Mufasa groaned. "Listen! You know what he's like. From the time he could walk he's been... different. He doesn't listen." the golden furred lion gets up and starts pacing. "Has the attention span of a sparrow. I take him fishing and he goes hunting for... for Angel Foxes!"

"Angel Foxes exist! They steal wishbones. But only from vultures. What's with that?"

"When I was a cub..."

The orange furred lion groaned before lying down and put his paws over his eyes. "Oh here we go."

Mufasa took a proud stance as he paced. "My father told me to bang my head against a rock and I did it. I thought it was crazy, but I didn't question him. And you know what happened?"

Malka moved his paws and raised his eye brow. "You got a headache."

"That rock split in two. It taught me what a lion could do, Malka. He could crush mountains, level greenery, tame raging rivers! Even as a cub, I knew what I was, what I had to become. Mheetu is not that cub."

Malka sat up and sighed. "You can't stop him, Mufasa. You can only prepare him. Look, I know it seems hopeless. But the truth is you won't always be around to protect him. He's going to get out there again. He's probably out there now."

/

"Uggh, the gods hate me. Some lions lose their claws or their mane. No, not me. I manage to lose an entire lion?!"

Mheetu let out an irritated yell as he pushed a low hanging branch out of his way. Only problem; it came back and smacked him in the face.

"OW! Damn it!"

The light cream furred teen rubbed his eye and glared at the stupid branch, but he was not ready for what he saw. The tree he was

standing next to looked like it had been split down the middle, bits of bark sticking out everywhere. Mheetu looked down at the other half that was just handing there and saw what looked like long trench leading down and over a small hill. He started walking down, following the trail and climbing when he got to the hill.

Wonder what happened here, \_he thought. \_Who knows? Maybe this'll lead me to theâ€| Rouge!\_

The heir gasped as he suddenly ducked his head back behind the hill. He swallowed as he slowly lifted his head up, trying to sneak another peek at the thing that was in front of him. Mheetu sat up straight and stared right at the thing in front of me. Big, golden, and it had a red mane. Yep. It was the thing appeared to be unconscious, or maybe even dead.

"Oh wow. I did it. I did it. This fixes everything. Yes! I have brought down this mighty beast!" Mheetu placed a colorless paw on the golden lion to have him shove it off. "Whoa!"

Mheetu glared at the rogue and growled. "I'm going to kill you, rouge. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Pridelander. I am a pridelander!"

Mheetu looked in the rogue's amber eyes and seen it was afraid. The unholy offspring of lighting and death was afraid. Was ending this life warth recognition.

"I did this."

Mheetu sighed before letting out his claws and cutting the vines. "I'm going to regret this. If I live."

Once the vines was loose, the rogue pounced and pinned the teen. Amber met green and in that moment the rogue roared. Before running off. Mheetu whimpered before fainting.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*A/N:Thank you all for the reviews, the follows and favours. I'm really glad you've interested. Here's the next chapter, enjoy!  
\*\*

Mheetu staggered towards Pride Rock. The encounter with the rogue still heavy in mind. The light cream teen climbed up the rocky steps to be greeted by his father.

"Mheetu."

"Dad. Uh..." the heir was surprised to say the least but took a deep breath. "Uh... I have to talk to you, dad."

"I need to speak with you too, son."

Father and son took a deep breath before both speaking.

"I've decided I don't want to fight rogues."

"I think it's time you learn fight rogues." Mufasa shook his head.

"You go first."

Mheetu did the same. "No, you go first."

The golden lion sighed. "Alright. You get your wish. Rouge training. You start in the morning."

Mheetu groaned before running a colorless paw through his small ginger brown mane. "Oh man, I should've gone first. Uh, 'cause I was thinking, you know we have a surplus of Rouge-fighters, but do we have enough hunters, or cub sitters-"

Mufasa ignored it and smiled broadly. "You'll need to sharpen your claws."

The creamy teen sighed. "I don't want to fight rogues."

Mufasa chuckled deeply. "Come on. Yes, you do."

Mheetu frowned. "Rephrase. Dad, I can't kill rogues."

"But you will kill rogues."

Thinking about the rogue from earlier, Mheetu shook his head. "No, I'm really very extra sure that I won't."

"It's time Mheetu."

Mheetu frown deepened. "Can you not hear me?!"

Mufasa frowned as well. "This is serious son!S? When you go out there, you carry all of us with you. Which means you walk like us. You talk like us. You think like us. No more of... this."

Mheetu glance at where his father's nose pointed to frown once again. "You just gestured to all of me."

"Deal?"

Mheetu blinked before glaring at his father. "This conversation is feeling very one-sided."

"DEAL?!"

Mheetu rolled his green eyes and sighed. "Deal."

Mufasa smiled before nuzzling his son lightly. "Good. Train hard. I'll be back. Probably."

Mheetu slumped to the cave floor and sighed. "And I'll be here. Maybe."

/

"Welcome to Rouge training!"

A golden teen lioness looked around the training filed. "No turning back."

The light brown male twin teen, Chumvi growled excitedly. "I hope I

get some serious bruises."

Kula growled excitedly as well. "I'm hoping for some mauling, like on my shoulder or lower back."

The golden teen looked at the twins before looking ahead with bright blue eyes. "Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it."

"Yeah, no kidding, right? Pain. Love it."

Chumvi slumped at the prince's voice. "Oh great. Who let him in?"

Malka turned and headed towards the prison caves. "Let's get started! The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing his or her's first rogue in front of the entire kingdom."

Kovu growled as he looked at his wimpy cousin. "Mheetu already killed a Night Stalker, so does that disqualify him or...?"

Kula snickered as Chumvi looked at Malka. "Can I transfer to the class with the cool kids?"

Malka walked behind Mheetu and smiled. "Don't worry. You're small and you're weak. That'll make you less of a target. They'll see you as sick or insane and go after the more warrior-like teens instead."

After giving the creamy teen a nudge forward he continued.

"Inside these caves are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight. The Cub nappers."

Tojo, a dark golden teen grew excited as he hopped on his paws.  
"Speed: eight;"

"The prey terrorist."

"Plus eleven stealth times two."

"The Flaming Terror."

Tojo gushed as he recited the information. "fifteen."

Malka growled irritated with the dark golden teen. "CAN YOU STOP THAT?!" with a calming deep breath, the pale orange lion continued.  
"And... the Thief."

Tojo giggled before silently reciting but didn't go unheard by Mheetu. "Jaw strength: eight."

Kovu shook his head and looked at Malka with wide light green eyes.  
"Whoa, wait! Aren't you gonna teach us first!?"

Malka smiled before letting the first rogue out. "I believe in learning on the job."

Malka lifted the notch to the cave causing the wood bars to rise. Where a chocolate brown lioness pounced out. Causing the Pride Lands teens to scatter.

"Today is about survival. If you get scratched, you're dead. Quick, what's the first thing you're going to need?"

Mheetu hurried to get behind a boulder. "Rafiki?"

Tojo continued to recite information as he hurried to find a hiding spot. "Plus five speed?"

Kiara tucked and rolled, landing nicely behind a boulder next to Mheetu's. "Claws."

Malka nodded from a high ledge. "Claws! Go! Your most important piece of equipment is your claws. If you must make a choice between made weapons or your claws, choose your claws."

Chumvi and Kula were fighting over a scratching rock.

"Get your paws off my rock!"

Kula snarled at her brother. "There's like a million rocks!"

The light brown teen lion moved his head towards the part of the field where a bunch of flowers grew. "Take that one, it has a flower on it. Girls like flowers."

Kula growled before she takes the rock and slams it onto her brother's head. She smiled at the results. "Oops, now this one has blood on it."

The Thief runs toward the twins scratched them blasts them slightly, leaving them dazed, on the ground.

Malka notes from his post. "Kula, Chumvi you're out!"

The twins are a bit dazed. "What?"

"Those claws are good for another thing: noise! Make lots of it to throw off a rogue."

The teens begin hitting their claws against rocks, making the lioness shake her head, confused.

"All rogues have a limited number of stanim. How many does a Thief have?"

Kovu shouts without a thought. "Five?!"

Tojo shook his head. "No, six!"

Malka nodded impressed. "Correct, six. That's one for each of you!"

Tojo get hit, causing him to fall.

"Tojo, out." The dark golden teen staggered to the side with the others. Malka noticed that Mheetu hardly moved. "Mheetu, get in there!"

Kovu and Kiara hid behind a boulder watching and waiting. The

brownish teen smiled flirty at the golden teen by him.

"So anyway I'm moving into my parents' spare cave. You should come by sometime to work out. You look like you work out."

The coffee brown lioness roared before swiping at the brownish teen lion. Malka shook his head with a sigh.

"Kovu, you're done!"

After watching his cousin staggered away the prince took a deep breath before looking at Kiara. "So, I guess it's just you and me, huh?"

Kiara growled before rolling. "Nope. Just you."

The chocolate brown lioness swiped at the the younger lioness but missed. Malka nodded as he counted off.

"One left!"

Mheetu tried to run behind Kiara but his claws got stuck. The chocolate brown lioness snarled before charging towards him.

"Mheetu!" Malka roared before leaping from ledge to ledge and pounced on the lioness. "And that's six!"

Malka shoved the lioness back into her prison cave. "Go back to bed, ya overgrown furball!"

Malka inhaled and exhaled before helping Mheetu up. "You'll get another chance, don't you worry." The pale orange lion looked at the rest of the teens. "Remember, a Rogue will always," He stops and looked at Mheetu hard. "always go for the kill."

End  
file.